

The Lucky Arrows

by Dawnsky4

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Summary: Berk is invaded by a mysterious tribe from an unknown land. When unspeakable tragedy occurs will vengeance be taken or can the perpetrator even be found? Rated T because of blood and death.

1. Chapter 1: It's all Over

**Warning this could allude to SPOILERS FOR HTTYD 2. For people who have not seen it I will be careful and try to avoid them but no promises. **

**ANOTHER WARNING: This contains death. So yeah. Sadness and depressing stuff. **

**YOU HAVE BEEN WARNED**

_**By the way Dragon speech will always be in italics like this:
**__I'm a dragon.__

Wind gushed over Toothless' black ear flaps, bringing the moaning cry of dying Vikings.

It was all over.

Berk had lost.

In his reptilian forelegs, Toothless held the only thing that tied him here.

Hiccup.

The Viking's name resounded tenderly in his mind and out through his nose as he nudged a smallish young man with shaggy brown hair. Coarse wounds ran along his freckled, pale, grimacing, face. His deep green eyes closed in agony. An arrow stuck out from his abdomen. The archer

who had once owned this arrow now lay in pieces all over the battlefield. No one survived the Night Fury's wrath.

The Berkians had already fallen to enemy weapons when Hiccup had called for a retreat. Up in the air, Hiccup seemed to be safe with Toothless. Then the lucky arrow hit. Hiccup toppled off of Toothless' back and onto the blood-spattered ground. The Night Fury followed him landed quickly on his feet. Toothless raced over to his rider, his best friend in the whole world. The injury was deadly, causing blood to flow endlessly from it. Rage built inside Toothless' heart until it burst from him like fire. His first targets were the archers. Even though Toothless was unsure which had harmed Hiccup he made sure all of them met a cruel end. The enemy ships soon retreated to their shores, fearing the enraged Night Fury.

After the enemies defeat, Toothless returned to his fallen rider. He had cuddled Hiccup close to his chest, placed his nose on Hiccup's forehead and prayed that the boy would wake. Hours passed and Hiccup's breathing became more and more frail. Toothless was beginning to lose hope when Hiccup's deep green eyes finally opened.

"Toothless?" Hiccup wheezed.

Toothless smiled, his gums hiding his sharp teeth.

Hiccup laughed softly as the Night Fury began to lick his face excitedly.

"You know that doesn't wash out budâ€¦!" Hiccup's laugh soon turned to a gasp.

He clutched his wounded stomach and felt the arrow. Toothless lowered his ears and looked at his friend worriedly. Hiccup's eyes widened in horror as he stared the shaft and the feathers attached to it. He twisted his frightened glance to Toothless who purred nervously. The light in Hiccup's eyes began to fade and the boy felt faint. He slowly brought his hand to the Night Fury's nose. Toothless met Hiccup's hand without hesitation. Hiccup sighed sadly,

"I love you, Toothless."

Toothless crooned softly,

_I love you, Hiccup. _

Hiccup's hand gradually fell from Toothless' snout. His arm hit the ground with a placid thud. Toothless nudged him. He would not rouse; his eyes stared blankly into the orange, painted, dusk sky. Toothless whimpered,

Hiccupâ€¦!

2. Chapter 2: Remains

Nearly a sunrise ago Berk had awoken to the sound of air being split by cracking shafts of wood. The sturdy buildings were struck with whirlwinds. Each arrow ripped through the houses like they were made of yaknog. Stormfly the Nadder had rose into the sky with Astrid on

her back. Toothless had instantaneously been at her side with Hiccup all ready to go. Both dragons were ready to risk their lives to save Berk.

The rest of the Vikings did not even have to wait for Hiccup to order them to attack. They sprung into action; being a Viking is an occupational hazard after all. The dragons joined their human allies in battle against the mysterious hooded clan. Cowards, the enemy archers had not even left their boats yet as they fired their bows with conceit. Feeling full of energy to take down such a craven foe, Stormfly deviated from Toothless and Hiccup to aim for the ships. She scorched the vessels, causing Berk's adversaries to jump onto the shore. Some archers remained close to the sea but others pulled out their swords and axes. With the odds in their favor, the Berkians rushed their challengers. Astrid cheered Stormfly on as they dodged the arrows of the fuming archers.

Then Astrid became silent. Stormfly was worried and quickly banked into the nearby forest, away from the fight. When she landed her rider toppled off her back. Stormfly the Nadder was completely heartbroken. Astrid lay at her feet, an arrow piercing her heart. She had been killed instantly. The blue dragon was deeply distraught by her rider's sudden death. The archers had taken down all of the dragon riders and unfortunately their dragons as well. Ruffnut, Tuffnut, Snotlout, and Fishlegs had all fallen victim to the strange tribe, their arrows buried in various vital places. Had Toothless and Hiccup met the same fate?

Stormfly waited until dusk before she dared to move amongst the battlefield. The eerie silence was followed by the horrible stench of death. Blood covered everything. The houses were desolate and dark, all of the fires unlit. All dragons were either dead or had disappeared into the woodlands. Except for one. A rare Night Fury hugged the remains of his fallen friend. The boy in his grasp had been killed by one of those forsaken archers. Stormfly could sense the sadness ebbing off of the Night Fury. Her bond with her human could never have been as strong as theirs had been. These two were special. Each was a half of a larger picture built into the depths of the clouded skies, a portrait now shattered and broken by that accursed arrow.

Toothless.

The Night Fury glanced up at the Deadly Nadder.

He's dead. They're all dead.

Toothless' eyes narrowed into slits and his teeth slid out of his gums.

No! You're a liar, Stormfly! He's alive!

The Nadder was taken aback by Toothless' irrational thoughts. She unfurled her wings slightly and slowly backed a bit away. Toothless then turned his attention back to the body of Hiccup. He tried to rouse the dead boy yet his efforts were in vain and he finally gave up. The dragon laid his head on his rider's chest and cried mournfully. Hiccup could not be dead in his world. He loved Hiccup more than life itself. He would've gladly given his to save the boy but it was too late.

_Toothless. _Stormfly chirred softly.

The Night Fury had closed his eyes and did not even dare to look at the Nadder.

I'm sorry, but Hiccup is gone.

Toothless' recoiled in pain.

Bring him back.

Toothless if I could I would but Iâ€|

Bring him backâ€|

Stormfly realized Toothless was not directing his cries toward her but to the stars slowly appearing above.

I want him back.

Stormfly doubted the Night Fury would be moving anytime soon so she nestled down close to him and decided she would give him his last moments with his best friend.

****Me:** I know I'm probably depressing the crap out you guys but I promise the entire fic will not be this gloomy. It'll start getting more exciting and perhaps something quite cheery will happen next chapter. ;) It gets more upbeat as it goes.**

****Misty:** Oh! Dawny! Make sure you thank the people!**

****Me:** Oh yeah Misty! Thank you all for the reviews, follows, and favorites. They were all much appreciate! ^^**

****Misty:** I reminded youâ€|do I get a treat? *cute doggie face***

****Me:** Fine, Mistâ€|.you were a good girl.**

****Misty:** *noms treat* What about a walk?**

****Me:** At this hour?**

****Misty:** Tomorrow?**

****Me:** Fine.**

****Misty:** YAY! *Barks happily***

End
file.